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1877
JAN 10
1878



THE SONNET

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR
THOMAS WYATT AND OF HENRY HOWARD
EARL OF SURREY. EDITED BY MAHLON
LEONARD FISHER. FEBRUARY MCMXVII
THIS IS NUMBER ONE OF VOLUME ONE

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

ARRAIGNMENT

WHAT wage, what guerdon, Life, asked I of you?
Brooches; old houses; yellow trees in fall;
A gust of daffodils by a grey wall;
Books; small lads' laughter; song at drip of dew?
Or said I, "Make me April. I would go,
Night-long, day-long, down the gay little grass,
And therein see myself as in a glass;
There is none other weather I would know?"
Content was I to live like any flower,
Sweetly and humbly; dream each season round
The blossomy things that serve a girl for bread,
Inviolat against the bitter hour.
You poured my dreams like water on the ground:
I think it would be best if I were dead. PB

1:1-3
(918c)
5699

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THE SONNET

PAGE TWO OF NUMBER ONE VOLUME ONE

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

THE EMBLAZONED SHIELD

FROM what a far antiquity, my soul,
Thou drawest thy urn of light! what other one
Of royal seed—yea! children of the sun—
Doth so divinely feel his lineage roll
To the full height of man? the immortal scroll
Of thy engendering doth from Plato run,
Colonnos singing, Simois, Marathon!
Into thy birth such secret glory stole.

The kings of thought and lords of chivalry
Knighted me in great ages long ago;
From David's throne and lowly Galilee,
And Siloa's brook, my noble titles flow;
Under thy banners, Love, devout and free,
Storing all time, thy child, I come and go.

THE SONNET

PAGE THREE OF NUMBER ONE VOLUME ONE

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

THE BURIED CITY

A WOMAN wanton to the wanton last,
Of lovely lusts and lecheries unsaid
With concupiscent wisdom shaped, and fed
From cups the hands of sinewed youths had cast
Into her avid lap. That madness past,
Across the night of riot, red before,
Her soul's libidinous windows shine no more:
The chastening ages hold her in their Vast,
Catching an echo sad as if she wept
For dawns debauched and noondays dissolute
And swish of guilty silk forever mute,
Who died the sensual death she craved, and crept
Into the carnal darkness she would win—
With all her splendid instruments of sin!

918c

S699

v.1:1-3

THE SONNET

PAGE FOUR OF NUMBER ONE VOLUME ONE

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

DISILLUSION

INSIDIOUS, she leads where splendor drips,
Then, with a maddening laugh, she shows
instead—

On margs darkened for the breathless dead—
Men mute in the saloons of sumptuous ships,
And children avid, whose unpulsing lips

The sea-swelled breasts of women seek and find
But icy quiet where all eyes are blind
And where incessantly the sea-grass grips
The thousands drowned whose dreadful death
none knows;

But is it 'mid the odium unexpunged
Of throne-rooms ruined for their roofs are
plunged

In chasmy blackness that she doth disclose
Kings slain and gazing into viewless gloom,
And stabbed queens mastered by their plotted
doom!

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"We have attempted no propagandism, and acknowledged no revolution"



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LEONARD FISHER. APRIL-MAY MCMXVII

THIS IS NUMBER TWO OF VOLUME ONE

BY JOHN DANNISTON

SOME WHO SLEEP

THE old soft glow of candles in a room
In which no candles' glowing has been seen
Since were its windows lighted by that sheen
To yearning eyes as welcome as the bloom
Of unexpected yellows 'mid the gloom
Of some forgotten garden, fallen gray,
Except for certain yellows; and the play
Of light upon the face of one for whom
The heart forever searcheth; and the fall
Of lightly-falling fingers on the keys
Of closed-forever instruments: ah, these—
And oval gold of pictures on a wall—
Must trouble some who sleep, and real seem,
When Memory awakes them with a dream.

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THE SONNET

PAGE TWO OF NUMBER TWO VOLUME ONE

BY NORREYS JEPHSON O CONOR

THE LISTENERS

(WITH A COPY OF WALTER DE LA MARE'S BOOK)

WE too have been the listeners; we have heard
The everlasting voices of the sea
Murmur round Erin's shore caressingly,
The gentle wood-note of the hovering bird,
The angry storm-wind in his strength, who stirred
The leaves and branches of the trembling tree
With patter of sharp rain unceasingly
Across the landscape by grey dimness blurred.
This echo still sounds faintly in our ears,
As fairy music which is heard no more;
Pale grows a vision bright in former years—
Brown rocks and seaweed of the Irish shore:
We've naught but memories, and the listener hears
No sound from Nature in the city's roar.

THE SONNET

PAGE THREE OF NUMBER TWO VOLUME ONE

BY KARLE WILSON BAKER

W. V. M.

1910

DEAD—even he. They told me, and that day
Somehow my dreams went wailing, lost in space,
Finding the beggared earth a homeless place.
Then, as death's violence to that vital clay
Slipped from my heart (as, heaven be thanked, it may),
I saw his passing had but served to trace
A subtler line in life's mysterious face:
He is more friendly since he went away.
Grief is the treasure of his own: but I
Who only touched his garment's hem, draw near
And find in him increasingly my part—
Fall into step, bespeak his company!
Living, the nearest claim them; but the dear
Great dead belong to any humble heart.

THE SONNET

PAGE FOUR OF NUMBER TWO VOLUME ONE

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

INSANITY

IT cometh up from sunken gulfs unseen,
A creature uncreate that sprawls on sands,
With reachings-out of huge and hideous hands
That strangle while they soothe and leave serene—
Beneath the imprint of their fingers lean—
The reasonless red splendor of his brain,
Who, midst of nights shot through with crimson
rain,
Can see a host of tall dark forms careen,
With soundless loud carousings, down disturbed
And still unworldly worlds (where Frenzy hath,
In that sad interregnum, reared for Wrath
A molten throne), in ruthless mood uncurbed,
Pausing, the while, to peer, with menace grim,
In windows that are lighted and are dim!

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THIS IS NUMBER THREE OF VOLUME ONE

BY IMMANUEL TENCH

THE END OF ENDS

LONG after Sadness had annulled her name,
And fed forgetful meadows with her wo—
Her testament of tears interred below
The cloven grass and sand—a Shadow came—
Bearing upon his breast the fadeless flame
Of long-illumined noons, the neutral dark
Of the last dusk He flung across His arc
Of duskened azure—from the Ways of Shame,
With neither Life nor Death to solace him,
Nor yet the pleasing promise of a grave;
And as I watched I saw the waters lave
Of Age his unoffending feet; and Whim,
Slow interposing, told his robe to be
The ravellings of Immortality!

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THE SONNET

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BY GEORGE STERLING

TO LIFE

WITCH and enchantress, I have watched you feed
Your children from your cup of poison-brew ;
Subtly you mix the venom and the dew,
That, drunken, all may follow where you lead,
Thinking a far mirage their nearer need,
Whose phantom gardens brighten on the view,
Where compensating waters may renew
The hearts that thirst, the failing feet that bleed.
Such is the power of your deluding wine
I dream I know its magic and design,
Saying, "So far, no farther, will I sip,
Ere the draft grow too bitter." Shall there be
But deepening illusion for my lip,
And in the dregs a mightier sorcery?

THE

PAGE THREE

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That smile
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"Mother
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THE SONNET

PAGE THREE OF NUMBER THREE VOLUME ONE

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THIS TATTERED CATECHISM

THIS tattered catechism weaves a spell,
Invoking from the Long Ago a child
Who deemed her fledgling soul so sin-defiled
She practised with a candle-flame at hell,
Burning small fingers that would still rebel
And flinch from fire. Forsooth not all beguiled
By hymn and sermon, when her mother smiled
That smile was fashioning an infidel.

“If I ’m in hell,” the baby logic ran,
“Mother will hear me cry and come for me.
If God says no——I don’t believe He can
Say no to Mother.” Then at that dear knee
She knelt demure, a little Puritan
Whose faith in love had wrecked theology.

THE SONNET

PAGE FOUR OF NUMBER THREE VOLUME ONE

BY MAHLON LEONARD FISHER

IN FUTURO

MAYHAP when I am one with winds that blow
From nowhere, men will say of me, He knew
The need of skies that never could be blue,
And of the trees that had no green to show.
He heard the stir of birdlings in the snow,
And caught the sound of sleet in Summer's ears;
He followed for the rocks their long careers,
And wrought the Dawn's biography. Below,
He straight disdained the dial-stones of men:
The lawless clocks and orreries of God
Would group for him Infinity; a-nod,
He found the flowers dreaming now and then.
Now moved was he of humors strangely sane,
And now by such as crowd a crazed man's brain!

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